

The Snow People.

(Original.)

A blizzard on the plains—I have seen one I never wish to see another. All day that terrible whirl of snow. If it had ceased occasionally to give the brain a rest, it would not have been so hard to bear, but it never ceased. We saw only ourselves; there was nothing else to see but the boundless plain, and that was shut from our vision by the snow. We were prepared for the storm, having wagons, tents and the wherewithal to make hot coffee, and should have considered ourselves well off. We would have been had it not been for that terrible, never ceasing whirl.

The next morning the storm abated, and we moved on. About noon we came upon a sight to freeze the marrow in our bones—six heaps of snow, a body underneath each, the remains of a campfire in the center. We brushed the snow from the heaps and uncovered five men and a woman. The woman was wrapped in all the blankets that the party had possessed. I put a pocket mirror to the mouth of each person, and the woman alone responded, showing a faint film on the glass. We poured whisky down her throat and chafed her. She opened her eyes and in a short time could speak to us, but we waited till the next day for her story:

"We had horses and a wagon. I don't know where the horses are now. When we saw the storm coming we thought the first thing to do was to get firewood, but since there was none we broke up the wagon.

"I don't remember much of what happened. All I know is that now and again my husband came to me with a blanket. I closed my eyes to shut out the whirling snow that was making my brain sick, but they wouldn't let me keep them closed. They kept shaking me to keep me awake. I saw them peering on the fire the pieces of the wagon, but they used them sparingly.

"Presently I saw a flock of white wolves circling around us, and it seemed that the men were keeping up the fire to prevent their closing in and devouring us. Occasionally one of the men would seize a firebrand and hurl it at a wolf. They were circling, always circling, to tire our brains. I closed my eyes again, and when I opened them the wolves were gone, but something far more terrible had taken their places. Snow people were whirling where the wolves had whirled. Oh, how cold they looked out of their dreadful eyes! They instead of the wolves were now trying to tire us.

"Every now and again one of the snow people would try to seize one of our men, but he would take up a firebrand, and that was enough. The snow man would withdraw. I saw one of our men stagger away from the fire. A snow woman took him and pressed her lips tight to his. Then she opened her arms, and he fell frozen stiff.

"After that the snow people circled nearer. I saw one man come and stand around me. You may think it was to protect me from the wind and the drift. No; it was to keep off the snow people. I was sitting by the fire, so that the men looked both me and the fire. I fancied the snow people wanted me, for they were all looking at me out of their icy eyes and beckoning to me. There were four of our men around me, and each seized a firebrand and advanced a few paces back to back. The snow people could not stand the heat of the brands and fled with a shriek.

"So wild, so weird, so terrible, was the shriek that I closed my eyes and put my hands to my ears. When I looked again the men had lowered the brands, and the snow people were whirling more frantic than ever.

"A horrible old snow hag beckoned to one of the men, leaving at him. He went toward her. She seized him, and I saw him whirled off up into the sky. Another woman sang a beautiful song—no such heavenly melody have I ever heard—fixing her eyes on one of the men who were left. He, too, succumbed and went toward her. She folded him in an embrace, and I saw that he had been frozen. Another of our men went a short distance from the fire to bring some spokes to burn.

A snow man seized him, touched his heart with his icy finger, and he fell, like the rest, without heeding a joint.

"From this time the snow people seemed changed. They were no longer horrible. They were beautiful. The men's apparel seemed to glisten like icicles in the sun; the women's dresses trailed far behind them, each a myriad of snowflakes. I saw now only one of our men. He came to me and threw a blanket over me. He was my husband. Then he stopped and kissed me. I saw him soon after, standing by the fire, which was now nearly out. The snow people were watching it, and I knew that when the last ember died the end would come. Nearer they came till I could feel their breaths on my face, though it seemed to me that I had been in a fever and they were cooling me. Then I saw them gather around my husband, and he fell into their arms.

"This is all I remember till I felt something warm in my throat and, opening my eyes, I saw you people standing over me."

It was plain that we had snatched the woman from death by freezing. We took her up to her friends. Whether her brain recovered from the effects of her dreadful experience I have never learned.

F. A. MITCHELL.

Attendant—Do you care to purchase that picture, sir?

Visitor—No, thanks. I've got a dozen under my bed already.

Attendant—One more there wouldn't make much difference, sir.

Visitor—All right, then, I'll have it.

PORTUGAL ON THE VERGE

Of an Internal Upheaval, So It Is Said

REPUBLIC MAY COME IN

Old and Corrupt Parties Are Said to Be Back in Control and Outside Interference Is Not Probable.

Lisbon, Feb. 26.—Whether or not a republic is soon to supplant the monarchy of Portugal, it is practically the unanimous opinion here that the near future will witness a violent political struggle in which the life of the monarchy may be at stake. The comparative tranquillity since the assassination is simply a breathing spell in which the forces of the monarchy on the one hand and popular government on the other are being marshalled for the coming conflict. The masses of the people in the country are ignorant and have hitherto been entirely indifferent to the political battles which have convulsed the capital. Lisbon for political purposes is Portugal, and the Republicans are confident that the influence of the capital, which they assert is almost unanimously Republican, will sound the knell of the monarchy. Since the assassinations of King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis the Republicans have been joined by the Discontented Progressives, and they intend to make their campaign for a change of regime openly in the coming electoral contest. Ex-Deputy Almeida, who is at the head of the Republican organization, declares that their campaign has virtually been made for them by the revelation of the abuses of the old parties. The exposure of the political corruption, the manner in which an army of clients was maintained at the expense of the public treasury, above all, the secret advances made to the royal family, he claims, shocked the people from one end of the country to the other and destroyed the prestige of the monarchy. They anticipate an easy and complete victory. Disinterested opinion, however, does not consider Portugal ripe for a republic; it believes, in fact, that the country under a popular regime in the present backward state of the masses would become a prey of the ambitions of politicians, and, like Central American republics, would be without stability and probably witness a series of popular upheavals and dictatorships. Nevertheless, the fear exists in these quarters that the monarchy is doomed.

The young King Manuel, undoubtedly with the best of intentions, has yielded to the enemies of his father and Franco. They have persuaded him to renounce the dictatorship and to begin at a strict constitutional sovereignty, but above all to place himself in their hands. They want him to enact the will of Don Luis, the father of Carlos, who for twenty years ruled Portugal but did not govern. Under the present circumstances the course of the king is a dangerous one inasmuch as he has placed the destinies of the throne in the hands of the leaders of the two discredited old parties whose past prevents them from meeting their adversaries in the open field of political discussion and who the people will insist must be disciplined. The real weakness of the monarchy in Portugal seems to be that it is too heavy. With its territory shrunken, its wealth withered, the people crushed down by taxes, the national credit bankrupt fifteen years ago, the bankrupts and the court are maintained on a scale almost as extensive as in the days of Portuguese world dominion. Seven magnificent royal palaces, the Necesidades, the royal city residence, Ajuda, the palace of the dowager queen, Belem, Queluz and Cascaes on the seashore and the marvelous palaces of Cintra and Pena, in addition to the shooting places at Villa Vicosa and elsewhere, are kept up with all the expense involved in the constant transfers of the large court from one place to another. The court itself has a hierarchy and a ceremonial etiquette second only to that of Russia and Austria and the personnel is considerably larger than that of Germany. Titles, ranks and decorations abound and are sought with passionate rivalry, and the number of officials attached to and supported by the court is countless. It is here that the pruning hook must be applied in the reorganization of a country where half the taxes collected go to pay the interest on state debt.

U. S. JURORS CALLED.

The List of Grand and Petit Jurors in Federal Court at Burlington.

Burlington, Feb. 26.—Jurors for the United States court were drawn in Burlington yesterday as follows:

Petit jury: Enosburg, C. H. Abel; Fairfax, B. M. Ballard; Franklin, R. H. Brown; Berkshire, M. L. Chandler; Barre, R. S. Currier; Jonesville, C. C. Cutler; Hyde Park, Anna G. Davis; Montpelier, C. H. Ferris; Milton, Chester E. Gifford; Elmore, George C. Gould; Northfield, Fred A. Jones; Franklin, P. C. Hammond; Burlington, Henry C. Humphrey; J. B. Henderson, J. H. Middlebrook; James E. Miles, Henry Todd; St. George, M. W. Hirsdale; Plainfield, Elroy F. Leavitt; Huntington, Bert E. Morrill; Fletcher, C. B. Parsons; Georgia, S. M. Pike; Stowe, H. E. Shaw; Montpelier, C. F. Smith; Winooski, Herbert I. Stanhope; St. Albans, C. H. Stevens; George C. Story; Fairfield, Rodney Sturtevant; Winooski, William H. Vilas.

Grand jury: Fairfield, Perry Chase; Burlington, J. W. Coffey, Charles Dolan; Montpelier, E. W. Carter; Waterbury, A. H. Graves; Fairfax, J. S. Howard; Shelburne, J. A. Colamer; Berkshire, E. M. Kimball; Essex Junction, Jerome H. May; Marshfield, Mark Meigs; Enosburg, M. P. Perley; St. Albans City, J. W. Ryan; Highgate, C. C. Sheldon; Montpelier, A. S. Sparrow; Elmore, B. F. Morse; Sheldon, B. S. Thomas; Hinesburg, Guy W. Tobey; Burlington, George E. Trick; Williston, C. D. Warren; Colchester Center, Fred E. Wilson.

The grand jury was instructed by Judge Martin and they retired at once to begin their duties, their foreman being M. P. Perley of Enosburg.

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DIDN'T WANT HER LOVE.

Minister, Engaged to Another, Causes Arrest of Woman Who Wants Him.

New York, Feb. 26.—The Rev. George N. Deyo, pastor of the Episcopal church of the Advocate in the Bronx, caused the arrest Monday night of Mrs. Helen Monahan, a woman of 40 and the mother of two children, who he accused of having persisted in annoying him for the past seven years.

His brother-in-law, Policeman Bollos, took the woman before Magistrate Barlow in the night court. She was committed to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue hospital to be examined as to her mental condition.

This is the second time the Rev. Mr. Deyo has had Mrs. Monahan arrested. In the seven years he has known her, Mrs. Monahan has written him at least 400 love letters. Mr. Deyo told Magistrate Barlow, besides telephoning him and constantly following him on the street.

The Rev. Mr. Deyo is about 35 years

old, tall and slim, and good looking. Recently he became engaged to a young woman who lived in the Bronx, and Mrs. Monahan's forced attentions became extremely disagreeable to his fiancée.

WAS "AN ACT OF GOD,"
DECLARED SHOOTER

After She Had Fired on Lawyer Charles M. Sanford, a Middle-aged Man, in Brooklyn.

New York, Feb. 26.—A woman about 30 years old, who declared that what she did was "an act of God," went to the office of Charles M. Sanford, a middle-aged lawyer in the Garfield building, opposite Borough hall, Brooklyn, yesterday, and shot him. She waited about half an hour in the hallway, where her restlessness attracted attention. Then, when Mr. Sanford arrived, she followed him into his office.

Immediately afterward two loud reports were heard. In the next moment the woman emerged from the office in haste and took the elevator down. She

stepped out into Court street and mingled with the crowd.

Just as she was escaping, Isaac Lublin, another lawyer, who had seen her enter and leave the building, caught up with her and pointed her out to a policeman. The woman became very much agitated and talked excitedly. At the Adams street police station, where she was taken, she gave her name as Mrs. Jennie Bunt. She admitted that she did the shooting, but declared that it was justified by Sanford's treatment of her and was "an act of God."

Sanford was slightly hurt and was able to walk to the ambulance. One of the two bullets fired struck him on top of the head, plunging along his scalp. He said he only knew the woman in a business way. Mrs. Bunt, he said, had employed him as counsel in an action against her husband.

At the Brooklyn hospital it was found that Sanford's injury was much more serious than at first believed. The later diagnosis was that the bullet had fractured the skull and the surgeons advised an immediate operation, telling Sanford that there was danger of hemorrhages in from 12 to 48 hours.



THE SONG HIT, "PEGGY BRADY" IN "ISLE OF SPICE" AT BARRE OPERA HOUSE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

ALASKA'S GOVERNOR WEDS
MISS WILLARD OF UTAH.

Wilford B. Hoggatt to Take His Bride to Juneau to Live.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 26.—Wilford B. Hoggatt, governor of Alaska, was married to Miss Carlissa Eames Willard, at the home of the bride's parents, 4 Rutger street, at noon yesterday.

Governor and Mrs. Hoggatt went to Washington, where he will be detained some time on business connected with Alaska. In May they will proceed to Juneau, which will be their future home.

Miss Willard met Governor Hoggatt while on a trip to Alaska last year. He came here just before the holidays, and the engagement was announced at that time.

JEWELRY SALESMAN FOUND.

Man Wanted on Charge of Larceny of Diamonds Is Held.

Boston, Feb. 26.—Word has been received of the arrest in Lexington, Ky., of Walter G. Hartog, wanted by the Boston police on a charge of larceny of diamonds and jewelry valued at \$1,695.

The local authorities have been looking for Hartog for some time, and Chief Wadsworth and a circular published, which led to the arrest. Twice Hartog had been arrested in Chicago on the strength of the circular, but his tongue had procured his release both times.

Hartog lived in Holyoke and was a salesman in the employ of Nathan E. Hurst, a firm of jewelers on Washington street. On Jan. 14, 1907, he left Boston for Springfield with a case of samples. He did not return. He had, however, sent the less valuable samples

back to the firm, but it is alleged he kept the more valuable pieces.

As soon as extradition papers are ready the Boston authorities will send an inspector to Lexington to bring Hartog back.

DRUCE WITNESS CONFESSES.

Mary Robinson Tells How She Compiled and Arranged False Evidence.

London, Feb. 26.—Mary Robinson, who is before the Bow street police court on a charge of perjury committed as a witness in the Druce case recently heard by Mr. Pender, the committing magistrate, has confessed that she concocted the famous diary, a copy of which was offered in evidence on that occasion. She said she copied it into an old diary and that \$20,000 or \$25,000 was promised to her by a man who said his name was Druce. The prosecution read portions of the prisoner's confession, which had taken several days to write, portions of which reflected gravely upon third parties having been omitted. The confession related how George Hollamby Druce's solicitor, Kimber, went to the United States seeking Robert G. Caldwell, whom the prisoner first met accompanied by his lawyer, Allen, during the proceedings in the Marylebone police court when Herbert Druce was being heard on a charge of perjury by George Hollamby Druce. She had never actually told any of them that she had manufactured the diary, but she believed they knew. She had never received any letters from the diary of Portland, but she really had two from Charles Dickens. She lost them when her baggage was moved. She had come to England only to raise money on the diary, not to swear to it or to swear to anything to that was false. The letters which she was alleged to have written to her lover, and the less valuable samples she had compiled for amusement.

The Old, Old Story.

Hot, tired and dusty, the excursion was returning from the seaside day trip, and Simkins, a little bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of happiness, dropped off to sleep. In the bunk above another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up and, finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack, but the next moment down it fell, alighting on Simkins' shoulder. Not feeling quite safe, it grabbed the voluminous ear of Simkins to steady itself, and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But Simkins only shook his head slightly. "Let go, Ellen," he murmured. "I tell you I have been at the office all the evening."—London Pick-Me-Up.

Men, Women and Adjectives.

Certain adjectives are reserved for

men and others for women. A man is never called "beautiful." Along with "pretty" and "lovely" that adjective has become the property of women and children alone. "Handsome" and the weak "good looking" are the only two adjectives of the kind common to either sex. Even "belle" has no real masculine correlative in English, since "beau" came to signify something other than personal looks. It is singular that "handsome" should have become the word for a strikingly good looking person, since its literal meaning is handy, dexterous. But "pretty" likewise comes from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning "attractive."

"Yes," said the first gallery god, describing the melodrama, "de hero done de villain up all right, but de villain wouldn't admit it."

"Gon!" exclaimed the other.

"No," the first continued; "de last words he sez wuz, 'I am undone.'"

Philadelphia Press.

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NEW TACTICS

BY MORSE

Files Demurrer Against

Indictment

IN THE PERJURY CHARGE

First Withdrawn Plea of Not Guilty

Time for Argument on Motion

Will Be Fixed by Justice

Dowling.

New York, Feb. 26.—Charles W. Morse yesterday, in the supreme court, withdrew his plea of not guilty to the indictment charging perjury which was recently returned against him and in its place filed a demurrer to the indictment. Arguments on the demurrer will be heard on March 3.

In the argument over the withdrawal of the plea, portions of an affidavit which had been filed by counsel for Morse were read to the court. The affidavit declared that Morse had gone abroad to look after some financial interests there, and that when he reached the other side he found messages asking him to return on the ground that he had been indicted and that he was felt in some quarters to be a fugitive from justice. He had immediately returned, called upon or communicated with, each of the four witnesses who had given testimony before the grand jury upon which the indictment was based, and each one of the four, the affidavit said, had supported Morse's contention that the checks and money referred to in the indictment belong to Mr. Morse and that he had not committed larceny or misappropriation, nor had been guilty of false pretenses.

The affidavit declared, also, that each of the four had stated that they had not given any testimony before the grand jury that was sufficient basis for an indictment. The men who so went before the grand jury, it was declared, were F. Augustus Heinze, ex-Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, Miles O'Brien, vice-president of the Mercantile National bank, and Edward B. Wire, cashier of the defunct National Bank of North America. Justice Dowling announced later that a time would be fixed for an argument on the motion to inspect the minutes.

MODERN METHODS SUCCEED

Years ago remedies of various kinds were used in treating consumptives and nine-tenths of the patients died. Today little medicine is prescribed and they recover. Physicians have learned that the best way to combat most ill is by the indirect method of stimulating the body's natural power of fighting and destroying germs. Consumption is much easier to prevent than it is to cure. A cold, if neglected, leaves the lungs sore and unable to successfully resist the germs of the dread disease. Upon the first indication of a cold every effort should be made to check it at once.

Virgin Oil of Pine (pure) will break up a cold in 24 hours and cure any cough that is curable. Possessing all the well-known healing and medicinal properties of the pine, it tends to strengthen the lungs and bronchial tubes, increasing their natural power of resistance to attack.

It is put up only in 1-3-ounce vials, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case, with an engraved wrapper showing plainly the name—Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Avoid imitations.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Stephen Crane as a Paraphraser.
A magazine editor took down a volume dated 1894.

"Stephen Crane, the man of genius who died in youth," he said, "used to write humorous paragraphs for me. Here is a little thing of his. I think it's awfully good. I'll read it to you." And he read this brilliant burlesque of a lovers' parting:

"It was 6 o'clock, and George Treham had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Bellairs.

"Goodby, darling," the young man said fondly as they stood at the door.

"Goodby, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time honored place.

"Goodby."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," George Treham whispered, kissing the girl passionately. "Do you know that we may never meet again?"

"Oh, George, darling," she cried, clinging to him fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may happen ere we see each other once more?"

"Oh, George, say that you will come back to me—back to your own little loving Lillian! My George, the same beautiful and brave George you have always been."

"Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George."

"Oh, George," she said, strong in the faith which women have, "I do, trust you! How could I love you if I did not? And she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian, my own."

"But when, George?" she whispered passionately.

"At 8 this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "must it be so long as that? So long, so long!"

"He took her tenderly in his arms.

"Darling," he whispered, "I will make it half past 7."

"And it came to pass as he had spoken."

All Out.

George Golden and his friend Casey, a pair of well known humorists, once said for Europe.

Relating the events of the trip afterward Golden remarked:

"Talk about seasickness! Had I known that Casey was afflicted that way, we never should have gone abroad. The very first day out Casey lay down and refused to budge up a pin. I tried all sorts of remedies on him, but without avail. All he would mutter was 'Oh, misha, misha! I'm lost!'"

"Finally I cried out, 'Can't you do anything on your stomach, man?'"

"Only my hands, George," he answered; "only my hands!"

Whale Oil.

Whales are still hunted, but not so much as before. Mineral oil was adapted to so many uses. This has given the whales a chance to increase, and they still furnish a lucrative industry to those who hunt them for their oil, which possesses peculiar advantages for certain uses, and for the rare ambergris, more precious than gold. The latter is a morbid growth from a whale's intestines. Whale oil is best for tempering because its fire test is very high. It is used in cotton and woolen mills as a lubricant because it softens readily and because a spot of it on the goods is removed easily without stain. It does not gum nor become rancid, and heat affects its thickness but slightly.

A Mantle With a History.

In the windows of a silk and lace shop at The Hague there was displayed a few weeks ago a mantle with a history. Of finest lace, all in one piece, it was made for the coronation of the Empress Eugenie, and seven needlewomen worked several years upon it. An eminent French artist made the design for the lace, and the sketch was destroyed as soon as the pattern was worked. It cost something like \$45,000. But the event for which it was made never took place, and the empress wore it only once—at the opening of the Suez canal in 1869. For twenty-eight years it rested in a pawnshop in Athens. How it got there no one seems to know.

A Breakfast Table Problem.

If there is one thing that has prevented a large number of our countrymen from becoming millionaires it is the stumbling block that lies in the word "chickadee." I always write "chickadee" and try to pronounce it accordingly with a humorous smile. This is a very good way of getting out of the difficulty and avoids all the various "chickadee," "chickadee" and "chickadee" and the hundred other wrong ways possible.—Oren John in Antwerp.